commission on each semi-yearly, subscriber,

hissing, rising, twisting, convoluted viper-hair

storm stands apart, hesitating if to go or to re-turn, and flashing out a sullen blaze of light-ning now and then, followed by muttered thun-der. And low upon the set, beneath that

storm, one can see approach the swift mist of the night, gathering cold and moist, and com-ing on to wrap the ship in its clammy folds, which chill one like the dank and earthiness of

schooner? Sure he know; the neat arch of

less - those voices, strident, raucous, full of harsh laugh, and brutal cath, and heinous

blasphemy, and obscene cparseness—sure he knows them! \* \* Ave, 'tis the slaver,

They have not seen him before. Ha! What

of Cappadocia, for instance, e bezzler, thief,

lockers, the keen arms in the ick, the table

and its spread charts and open og book. All

like the face of Hakem ben Haschem of Kho-

rassan, with the silver gauze over it, which, once

lifted, reveated—such horrors, that:

"Now turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,
That i should hate, should take revenge by guilt,
Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth;
And on that race who, though more vile they be
Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me!
Here judge if Hell, with sli its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!
He raised his veil—the maid turn'd slowly round
Looked at him, shrieked, and sunk upon the groun

\* \* \* Pretty verses! And I? There's

the mirror; turn we these lamps around; now, the light blazes full. \* \* \* Poor wretches!

I do not wonder. \* \* \* I had forgot. So-

'tis a pretty whiteness. Has alabaster a more

JANUARY 3, 1860.

And sgain, I read upon the same page:

"The right has been established of every citizen to take

ui or impair this vested right."

Sir, is it not most remarkable that a man of

compared with what it was ten years ago:

very few of them who took the ground at that day

Mr. DOOLITTLE, Mr. President, I desire, also

horrors of sound : )
"Qu.vi supiri, pianti, e altri guai Risocavan per l'aer senza stelle,

Diverse lingue, erribili favelle, Parole di delere, accenti d'ira, VOCE ALTE E FIDCHE E SUON DI MAN CON ELLE, Facevanto un tumulto, il onal s'argiza Sempre in quall a ia senza tempo tinta, Come la rena quando il turbo spira."

"Quivi le strida, il compianto e il lamento: Besteamman quivi la virtu divina."

Dante. Infera. iii, 22-30. atque, V. 35-36. Note this! What a stupendous Fugue it is apon the one theme of pain giving voice! Here "sighs, plainings, deep wails, resounded through the starless air!" ("outer darkness," hamely, to which is assigned "weeping and be be, now, and splintered. And those fierce, bronzed, ragged faces, so juffianly and reckwailing, and gnashing of teeth.") "Strange tongues, horrible jabberings, (and "horrible" meant more, then, than it does now,) words of pain, (chronic groans,) tones of wrath, voices his veuture for gold and pelf, and part of itdeep and hoarse, (from indensity of agony,) and sounds of hands amongst them, combined into a tumult which turns itself unceasing (Fuguelike) in that air, timeless dyed, (eternally stain-like) in that air, time ed with darkness, namely)-like the sand when the Simoom wreathes it, (into an infinity of forms.) \* \* \* The peculiar place, in fact, of strained and violent outcries, (strida,) of querulous moanings, also, and of lamentation :

the place, as is said emphatically elsewhere, which "stings to wailing"-che pugne a quaiothat portion of the valley of the "Dolorous Abyss" which, like a mighty ear-trumpet, "gathers" - by its conformation - "infinite wailings into ONE thunder "-" and here, blasphemy of God's virtue everywhere was rife." Such was the chorus of those voices, coming up to Beale Lloyd, as, in his dream, he lay and shivered, till he was forced to stop his ears and close his eyes, lest he should even see what was so terrible to the ether sense—voices of strong men, fighting, cursing, dying, smothered choked; voices of women and children, lying apart, and wasting their remnant of life now moans, or else, shrieking, clawing, fighting, tooth and the state of them all, flinging his clenched hands to objects, such as come within scope of the clair voyant's illuminated vision. His hand is thin, wrinkled, dry in the palm, and nervous; and if he walks, he does not lift his feet confidently, but shuffles along, like one whose sight is filmy and obstructed.

Yet his mind is strong, his power of work enormous, and—he is not humbled. Remorse, pain, shame, error, dread, all these he knows shivered, till he was forced to stop his ears and der foot amid the press and throng, beating their feet in the last quiver of departing life, throeing and hiecoughing out the death-rattle. Oh, it was too horrible for him who heard, yet acrove not to listen—would give his life not to listen—would give his life not to listen—no motion in his tongue—no use to his limbs—all sense stunned, save only hear to his limbs—all sense stunned, save only hear that night-startling scream, each with that let Rupert lounge about Hetel Feders and ? And he hastens forward, beckoning to them, and cry-them, and cry-them and cry-them, and der foot amid the press and throng, beating ing! Yet, without, and above there, where ward glance over his shoulder each with that let Rupert lounge about Hotel Feder, or the they hammered, and kept up the regular clink-clank of the pumps, he could hear the voices of men talking carelessly—the enlivening jest went ing down to the deck, in his dr am, the wretch-

nothing being like it in life? \* \* \* " Handspikes there, all of you forr'ed-stand by-open a moment after, and there was a cold shiver beneath him-a sound, as of one, unused to it, plunged suddenly under the shower-both, and this sound from hundreds of voices-the struga plunge into the water—"stand by—there goes

gle had ceased, those low moaning cries went termingled, a silent, low laugh, that was more fearful to hear than anything—or, a shrill, hyscally. Again, from the deck, came the "Forred there! Go down-you-and hand 'em up-quick! And you, keep count there.
Form a live to the gangway!" \* \* From below came a dolorous voice: "Here's a m.ss! up, Bill." A new voice cried: "One!" and a heavy body was plunged into the sea. "Two!

though the hatches were opened, and the strug-

heavy body was plunged into the sea. "Two!" another plunge. "Three!" (not a superfluous word,) plunge. "Four!" plunge. "TALLY!" Plunge! \* \* \* No—it was in vain—he dug his fingers into his ears. \* \* \* he writhed, he turned, he heard, that regular plunge of the heavy body into the sea, seeming to keep time with the regular pulse of the pump, and with the regular pulse of the sport! \* \* How that Maltese did shriek. the pump, and with the regular pulse of the water upon the deck, scupper-ward. It would when h be heard, that systematic, awful count-for every plunge—one—two—three—four—Tally!
One—two—three—four—Tally! \* \* \* Till
at last he got to feel a fearful sort of interest

in the matter—how large would be the score—how long before they would cease. \* \* \* And, was the fellow keeping his count right?
Did he note every plunge? Did he not score a single plunge twice, sometimes? He would keep the count himself. How many were there already-Thirty-five? Plunge-and score one; er. "Every head counts," was the answer.

ed up! \* \* \* Still counting—the pumps have ceased, while the men take breath, and "splice the main brace;" but the teller has no respite. \* \* \* Still those sullen, monotonous plunges, \* \* \* followed by: Score one—two—three—four—Tally! One—two—Hallo! All three—four—Tally! One—two—Hallo! All three—four—Tally! One—two—Hallo! All three—four—Tally! And the number out, by ——! \* \* \* And the number out, "according to the dreamer's count, was exactly One Hundred and Eighty-Seven! \* \* \* Come to my arms, oh beauty—come to the same of the adopted the second of the same of t

spinning, and "clucking;" and sharp-backed waves that caught the sun's golden touch, and mixed kaleidescopically the reflected wonders of the clouds above, now all afiame and flying, purple-dyed, and crimson, and scarlet, and livid blue, like a bloody, rout d bost, whom the sword of vengeance drives ever before it in terror, ever striking in among them, and staining them anew. And, afar and high, the black storm stands a part hegistaling if to go or to re-

comes! comes! \* \*

Almost! \* Think! the shadow on the dial For the nature most undone, Marks he passing of the trial, Proves the presence of the sun!"

Even out doors it is cloudy and damp, this morning—for not even in Genoa is every day serenely bright—and, within the Oubliette, the damp and chill and gloom are most forbidding. The lamp has been burning all night, and now its obstructed wick, almost exhausted, and hinta newly opened grave. Through all this the laboring schooner makes her slow and dismal way, as, through thronged streets, in the days of Terror, the cart used to to I along in Paris towards la sainte Guillotine. \* \* \* The ing, to superstitious eyes, of coffins and shrouds, burns with a dull, red glare, sullen and unwilling. The banker is seated at his desk, not writing, nor indeed doing anything but thinking, with seewling brow and chin dropped upon his breast. Last night he took an unusually large dose of opium, and, after a term of horror exaggerated beyond aught he had previously known, his waking looks betray how the thing is telling upon him. What with his haunting shame and guilt, his torturing thoughts, his poisoned draughts, his dwelling here in the damp and murk and dark, and the many ways in which he has abused his mind and frame, the man is failing fast. He has grown suddented the his hair is become thin and whitened. ly old; his hair is become thin and whitened; his cheeks are wrinkled into deep lines, as is his brow; his lips are shrunken, blue, and quiver unceasingly, the nether one drooping every now and then in an inane feeble sort of means that clattering peal corror—that wild, unearthly shrick of madders? flight? Ha! comrade, I'll not harm you! \* \* Christ! he is overboard! \* \* Ho! ho! man overboard! man overboard! \* \* \* Why way, which is most strikingly and painfully in-dicative of failing mind and body. His eyes are red and gloomy, the whites of them injected with a bilious brown, which shows disordered do they not save their comrade? Why, with functions, while the pupils begin already to be hair all horrent, and ashen faces, and eyes tray the influence of the poison with which his stretched wide, do the whole crew stand there system is sureharged. These eyes also, as on deck, motionless, gazing only at him? stretched wide, do the whole crew stand there on deck, motionless, gazing only at him?

\* \* Man overboard, is y—see, he floats astern! \* \* He will g to them—they are drunk—they do not hear He walks towards the stern—they stand, eyes fixed, forms all a-shiver, as he draws towards them, \* \* until one, that black bearded nate, the tall and burly Maltese, grandest villais, cut-throat, des-

sunk! \* \* \* Are they had? And he feels, acknowledges, yet, with the same strong hastens forward, beckening to them, and cryround, and the loud burst of laughter! Did they hear it below there, this laughter, and did they fancy themselves in hell already, and that this struggle they had gone through—were going through now—was Death, and, after death, of why all had fled him so; \* \* \* \* drowned terial interruption or impediment. And now, of why all had fled him so; \* \* \* drowned terial interruption or impediment. And now, themselves to escape his pres nee. \* \* \* it seemed indeed, the end was not very far off. Was he then supernaturally gated? Had he died, \* \* \* and, coming back, brought with him some fearful mark of the lands whence he returned? Or, \* \* \* La Vadetta di Dio! wrned? Or, \* \* \* La V. detta di Dio! damp, the darkness, confinement, and the point \* \* Was he—men befor now have had sonous fumes of his familiar drug, were gradual missions. \* \* \* It was pe nitted George ly but surely dragging him down into the pit. robber of widows and orphas, extortionist, usurer, simonist—it was permitted this polluted wretch to become Bishop of the Holy Church—Martyr—Saint—guardian warfer of the Church Militant, and Patron of M. Frie England.

\* \* If this then—perhase, he also. The dight possible from the pain of that poison of a spiritual conceit to pride, sweltering in his veins, gave him street th again. He violation; it was already an integral part of arose—there was light in the cabin, \* \* \* himself, to obliterate which required to wip he felt a call thither. Meantime, the helmless himself out also. Sighs and longing were his ship rolled heavily and groaning in the trough of the lurid sea. \* \* I is two swinging lamps, (he is speaking again, a lift for fear of being alone;) two lamps, grim: I and smoky, that shed a fierce red light at and, upon the happiest portion. And then, to endure this weary lassitude, this torture of the waning mind. this being tied ever at the stake, to be gradual ly consumed by the smouldering flames of memory and reflection, embittered, mordaceous corrosive, cancerous because of the ever-at-Distraction, this! How strive against such foes, or, indeed, why strive against them? To die, and be at rest. Ah, delicious thought, recurring often enough for him to takes its measure very accurately. How often and in loveli-est guise it visited his mind! Gifts, endowments not yet spoiled for use, nor fully brought into play? To be sure he had them, yet, 'twas they chiefly had brought him to this strait. when he beheld me, yet, a bolder devil
never cut a throat. \* Wby, then?
is my face like the face of Moses?
shall I have to wear a veil? Or, it is Family? They were better without him; and. the thought of them only plunged him deeper into shame. They did not console him; could not. Their presence rather added a poignancy to his woe, a deeper shadow to his dejection;

they were a rebuke to him whose pride did not tolerate rebuke. And, if he waited, hoped, if even he extricated himself from his crime, and went again before the world with a clean bill of health, would he also be able to conquer the ef-fects of this long grief and pain? He might crush the scorpion under his foot, but, was he not already bitten, was there any specific antidote that Princess in the Arabian tale, he might conque and slay the Afrite, but, like her, he had breathed the fatal flames of the combat, and his vitals were shrivelled within him, There were dark and bitter remembrances that would not yield their keen edge to the softening touch of Time; and the violent hand of passion, sweeping rude-ly over the strings, seemed to have jarred and weakened the instrument forever. Memory was synonymous with Vengeance, and wielded ever over his head a ruthless, two-edged sword. Suffering had source and made bitter his

Ha! how she reels and staggers! I'll to work, what was eventually inevitable-what must be hissing, rising, twisting, convoluted viper-hair of Medusa—they seem instinct with fitful life—and are full of trick and malice—like the band of fiends who tempted Anthony in the desert—seeking, with beauty, fright, grotesqueness, variety, and magic art, to win his thoughts from prayer. There were spote of glassy calm, all smooth and green, like the shade of a grove of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now best leaves the shade of a grove of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now best leaves he become weaker and late! Doomed! Now we settle—now best leaves he become weaker and late! Doomed! Now we settle—now best leaves he become weaker and late! Doomed! Now we settle—now best leaves he become weaker and late! Doomed! Now we settle—now best leaves he become weaker and late! Doomed! Now we settle—now best leaves he become weaker and late! Doomed! Now we settle—now best leaves he become weaker and late! Doomed! Now we settle—now best leaves he become weaker and late! Doomed! Now we settle—now best leaves he become weaker and late! Doomed! Now we settle—now best leaves he become weaker and late! Doomed! Now we settle—now best leaves he become weaker and late! Doomed! Now we settle—now best leaves he become weaker and late! Doomed! Now we settle—now best leaves he become weaker and late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band of late! Doomed! Now we settle—now better the band scorn of men, the monument of his own shame?
"Look upon that picture, and upon this!" TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NATIONAL

For the National Era. MAMMON: A WINTER NIGHT'S SONG.

BY E. FOXTON. In the autumn day, on the brown bill-side. Stout Harold, the woodsman, his keen axe plied. His lusty arm, with its ringing stroke, Dealt death to the core of a loary oak His cheek was ruddy, his frame was strong, For kind stars smile

Upon honest toil; And innocent joys his heart's cares beguile, That nestle there safe from the world's turmoil, Nor harbor with hate and wrong.

The mists from the meadows in dark wreaths rise. And darkness falls from the murky skies. Gray crumbling clouds in the bleak west lower, For spells and sprites 'tis no impotent hour And darkness falls on the woodsman's brow; range clouds o'er his sunny humor go. For why for his bread shall he toil and sweat. While his idle lords o'er their ven'son sit, And the nut-brown ale from bright beakers quaff? His blood ran cold at a hollow laugh! " Dar'st thou hie with me over mount and wold, When the nightwinds are howling, thou woodsma

Thy barons and knights shall be all outdon By Conrad of Ghostwood's dauntless son. I have keys that shall open the old earth's chest. Up, up, and leave women and habes to rest! When, shuddering, he sought for the form that spok He saw but dim circles of yellow smoke, From the mouth of a half-choked cave that wound And grovelling crept along the ground. Who bids me forsake my cottage so warm My wife and my child, for the midnight storm?" "The lord am I of the gem-lit mine, Give ear, and a monarch's wreath is thine And thou shalt be envied of all in the land!" Compliance danced in the youth's glad eye, But first he must say to his home, good-by. Sore chafed the goblin. He liked it not That the clear gaze of Love should survey his And yielding at last, he exacted with care, Harald out of the wood to his threshold has con Ah, welcome, dear husband, welcome home Thine image has cheered me the livelong day, All care at the sound of thy foot flies away. And now all thy toils and thy perils o'erpas Thou art here, the u art safe, at my side at last The fire, lithe arms round the pine's trunk flinging

But not to-night may I share its mirth Thy board is sorend, and thy settle warm To-night they may not receive my form. For I mu this overmount and wold, Admired and envied of all in the land "

Of all in the land admired, enressed? Shall our boy be reared with more dainty can And fare as the children of nobles fare, And my russet weeds are to me as fair. And the ermine mantle that deck a queen Nay, go not forth, the night is wild,

A worm fretted tome from its sacred nook "Let our nightly portion and prayer be read." He wavered, and almost had mened about, When a coffer's clank was heard without As he dashed it aside, with a noise I ke a knell, Small hands were stretched from a cradle by The father unheeding pushed them by. And sank in her sobs on his hardening breast, To morrow shall peace and forgiveness earn,

And swift'y they rushed o'er the freezing ground Into moss grown tombe they wended down, And made the spoils of the dead their own; That still the old ore new souls could win : And wrested his gems from the howling flood; Or by twilight paths to the centre led, e the diamond forth from its twinkling bed; And lo, as they swept in their course along, For each fell sprite of earth, air, and sea,

The way with bleeding hearts seemed strown And the widow's tear and the orphan's prayer,

As sobbing and panting it toiled behind, Of a withered woman of hollow check, And tottering footsteps, unstayed and weak, And a sleeping infant that wasting slept, But the spectre's voice rang loud in his ear, It rallied his hope, and it stunned his fear. For they who go

With a fiend for a guide, no fear must know, Nor a moment's aid nor pity bestow,

And wrung their hard earnings from toil-worn hands They hunted in herds, all turned to beasts; And the woodsman won treasures of priceless

CHAPTER WHEREIN A COUNTRY-WOMAN GOES TO TOWN

The last time you went on a journey, ages ago, before the prairie railroad was dreamed of, you rattled along in the big wagon. How snugly your husband packed you in the sweet hay bed on the bottom of that old bone-breako town to be daguerreotyped. You was so happy. How the birds shrieked in the groveshappy. How the birds shrieked in the groves—
how the face of Nature smiled upon you, as you
bade it good morning, in the glistening dew—
how you loved—how you enjoyed. Life was

minute in the contract.

Now, justice to the memory of Benjamin
Banniker, whose mother was a native African,
and his father's father also, seems to demand a
word or so in his defence. He was doubtles s how you loved-how you enjoyed. Life was before you as a distant landscape sunlit. How

beautiful it was! But now, how different! The sunlight has but, considering the circumstances, he certainly faded into dull, hard reality. The baby of that was one of the most extraordinary men, in ride has grown into his first great-coat, and, spect of science, in his way—and which has though four love has grown sance it is no though your love has grown apace, it is no longer the sporting, bounding love of early

among us, hitherto, been regarded as ma matical—of his day.

He flourished in the latter part of the days, but is marked with the struggle of hard times, while the light step has grown weary bewith the hundre of other soft hundles that have neath the burden of other soft bundles that have

hum never reaches your ear-you have grown old in your twenties.

Your husband, at last awakened to the idea Your husband, at last awakened to the idea laying out the seat of Government of the Unithat you are becoming fossilized, takes the law ted States, which he did. into his own hands, and now-you need not struggle—he is going to put you in the cars, of the biographical sketch of Benjamin Banni-ker, published by Mr. Latrobe in 1845; hence and send you to your kin, in Cincinnati. "They we must conclude, as he made no exception don't want me," you plead. "Oh, don't send that he does not consider the science of Banni me among cold city faces. I shall die;" but ker mathematical science. For my own parthe is inexorable—"you are dying here, shut up and doubtless there are others like me—would be highly gratifying, if the Professor within the four walls of your home; so 'fix | up,' and be off with you."

have long ago laid aside the fashion of the world, as inconvenient and cumbersome; well tain latitude and longitude, and practically to content if your ever-busy needle has kept your lay out cities, &c., and mathematics. husband and all the little ones clothed, without vexing yourself about modern innovations. As for hoops and fashionable bonnets, you have held them among the things in Leviticus that were absminations in the sight of the Lord; and you have maintained your integrity by a stanch adherence to the fashion of your bridal ward-robe. But now, says your husband, my dear Mrs. Rip Van Winkle, you must purchase hoops, and take off that horrid white muslin cap, and hang up that dismal brown gingham gown, and just go to work, and make yourself were abaminations in the sight of the Lord; and over again, that you may look like one of your at Lawrence, and adding: own species; and you stand obedient. Like a "Nor can we fail to take:

begs you will just wear that, instead of buying a new one, for the few days you are to be gone.

Dear, kind Mrs. Simpkins! you say, through a falling tear, how considerate! but so is every companion, amidst the scorching flames, say one. Each one in the little circle sends or ing, You will be saved ; I shall not ; carry thi Surely, you think, a countrywoman's life is

hold, and put all things in order, from the ba- talents and writings. king of extra pies and bread, to the sewing on of the last shirt-button. You have labelled all the odds and ends of summer clothing, and laid them away with solemn caution, thinking how they will have to search for this, or that, Nor would many of them, we fancy, be much Nor would many of them, we fancy, be much if not marked, and your sensitive frame shivers perceptibly as the thought of railway accidents a cowskin, well laid on. A ride on a rail might a cowskin, well laid on. A ride on a rail might passes through your mind. And here you are seized with a presentiment that you will never return! How strange, that your husband should go whistling about his work, just as if nothing had happened, or was ever going to happen, to his miserable little wife! But you have mercy on him, you do not confide your for the offence of speaking their minds respect ing a political institution which they desired terror; moreover, he would laugh at you, and ing a political institution which they desired you are in no mood to stand that.

At last you are dressed for the journey. Gracious powers! Whatdo you look like in Mrs. scribed, withheld from them by the creatures of the Government. A reasonable man, let and flowers flaunting around your faded cheeks! Truly you are an object for angels to pity! you, and declares it looks just like other town's folks' bonnets, and that you will get used to it—while the little ones laugh, and clap their hands, at your abortive attempts to hide your poor head somewhere beneath that "baseless fabric of a vision."

And now comes the silent farewell. How

hard you try to talk about things indifferent on your way to the station. Why will the big sob come choking up from your heart? it up, little woman, you can no longer speak. Presently your husband, dear soul, peeps under your veil, and, seeing your poor swellen eyes, wipes away your tears with his red silk handkerchief, and tells you in his kindest tone handkerchief, and tells you in his kindest tone handkerchief, and tells you in his kindest tone handkerchief. but cheering.
This caps the climax of your wretchedness, and your pent-up agony bursts forth as though it would rend soul from body. It seems as

if every fibre of your nature had grown fast to your rustic home. You are as utterly crushed, in tearing away from it, as the poor mutilated ivy torn from its old stone wall. As you pass along the road, a dozen cottage windows fly up, and pleasant faces peep out to say how glad they are that you are really off. Mrs. Simpkins especially, with a child's head each side of hers, cries out, "What a fine time you will her the bennet becomes you; you have, and how the bonnet becomes you; you look ten years younger." Good creature, you forgive the pious fraud, but she can't deceive you. You know too well how that weeping face looks in that bare-faced bonnet. Oh, it is a contract that bare-faced bonnet. Oh, it is a contract to the sorghum crop would reach 2000,000.

STRANGE WIND. The Indians on Fraser tell of a wind which suddenly overtakes or river meets men in that region, which is so overpoweringly cold as to freeze one to death in a few principle. cruel to make you wear it! They might have let you wear your dear old brown hood. You long to tell your husband he is killing you, but you are past expostulation, and submit like a horse or some other animal on the instant, cut-A skeleton mounted and chained with gold.

Heef hom, and be likeled or whether the property of the standard of the likeled or which the beart and limited by the tender loving hand of your lines.

An excision mounted and chained with gold.

Heef hom, and be likeled or which the beart hand as careed or the likeled or which the beart hand as soon as the tearing amender is our of sortions, income, i dumb lamb. No one but the Lord in heaven ting him open, and crawling into the palpitating

one large waves, the schooner rolls, and, and rome waves, the schooner rolls, and, and rome waves, the schooner rolls, and, and rome waves, the schooner rolls, and the care of persons in strated nations of the number of persons in strated according to the could not be a strated as a roll of the could not read the person of the strategy of the rolls of the rolls of the rolls of the rolls and sink it. Playing, in faintstic groups, there are summer the relations of the rolls and sink it. Playing, in faintstic groups, there are summer the relations of the rolls and sink it. Playing, in faintstic groups, the reaching out an arm towards the ship is a site of the rolls and sink it. Playing, in faintstic groups, the reaching out an arm towards the ship is a site of the rolls and sink it. Playing, in faintstic groups, the reaching out an arm towards the ship is a site of the roll of the rol

For the National Bra. PROF. PEIRCE AND THE AFRICAN

"Let justice be done, though the sky fall."

Prof. Peirce, in his lecture Wednesday night, made a sweeping assertion, that there has never been a mathematician of the African race. I understood him to declare, emphati cally, that not a solitary person of that race has institution. Your first boy was a baby ever as yet been known to possess mathematic then, and you were taking your tender bundle cal science. Indeed, he seemed to lay it down to to be dequerrent and You was so as a thing impossible for there to be a mathe matician of that race.

> one of the most extraordinary men who have arisen in our country; I do not say the most profound, for I am not capable of judging --

made all the calculations for the almanaes pub-You have stayed at home, amid gathering cares, till you have lost sight of the world. Its complimentary letter from the savaus of France and was complimented by our own Government with an invitation to aid the commissioners in

I do not suppose Prof. Peirce was ignorant would, in a future lecture, state the distinction between that science which enabled Banniker And now comes the getting ready—it is like to calculate eclipses of the sun and moon, breaking up the great deep in your mind. You places of the planets, the various changes of the moon and the tides, to correct errors in the work of distinguished mathematicians, to ascer

CELEBRATION OF FRANKLIN'S BIRTHDAY IN

"Nor can we fail to take a melancholy pleas sparrow on a hay-stack, you look down upon your inflated skirts, and blush for the folly of of the scene were relieved by displays of Chris-The whole neighborhood is put under requiwho prides herself on her knowledge of the cheerful and unselfish, refused to be rescued ons, sends over the new fall bonnet, and till Mr. Nash was saved, and who was crushed full of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. How you dread the stiff city cousins, and how they are dreading you!

tion for the company of the angels, to which the full of pleasantness, and all her paths are like the prophet of old, they were caught up in a chariot of fire."

Mr. Everett also briefly referred to the deat

You have gone through your little house of Macaulay, the historian, and eulogized hi

ers?—Probably there are few of our readers who would like to be smeared with tar, and extent, I confess, they have already succeeded with those the still act with that party.

I do not deny that they voted against the Congressional prohibition sought to be applied in 1846; but what I say is this, that there were him live in what part of the country he might, ning down to 1847, was a history of prohibition

jections to the extension of slavery which have not hitherto rece vel the attention they de-

great length, but gives a very clear and satisfactory statement of the present condition and necessities of the State. From a census, taken that over 500,000 tons of hay were cut, over 23,000,000 bushels of corn cribbed, 1,500,000 bashels of potatoes dug, nearly 50,000 gallons of molasses manufactured from sorghum, beef cattle and hogs sold to an amount exceeding \$5.000,000, and exported wool and lead to the value of \$250,000. The Governor thinks that in the year 1859 the beef and pork per cent., while the corn crop would not fall short of 50,000,000 bushels, and the value of

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M. L. BAILEY, Washington, D. C.

The Calhoun Revolution - Its Basis and his famous speech, delivered here, denominated the "mud-sill speech"-I speak of it its Progress. with no disrespect to him, but merely to des ignate the speech in which that term was used-SPEECH OF HON. J. R. DOOLITTLE. ubstantially took the ground that the laboring white men of the North were slaves in fact, IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, though not in name, as much so as the negroes

[Here Mr. Chesnut made some more extended emarks. Mr. D. resumed.]
I do not deny that men at the South differ in to submit a few observations upon one portion of the President's message referred to by the honorable Senator [Mr. Brown] who has just preceded me. I read from the message: their opinions, some, perhaps the majority, as yet, maintaining that the doctrine that the natural and normal condition of the laboring man is that of a slave, applies to the negro race, and to the negro race alone; but, at the same time, I maintain that leading men and presses at the South undertake to justify slavery, not upon the ground of negro slavery as an exceptional institu-tion, but upon the broader and higher ground

of the South who are actually held in the con

dition of slavery. That is one anthority.

preceded me. I read from the message:

"I cordfally congratulate you upon the final settlement, by the Supreme Court of the United States, of the question of slavery in the Territories, which had presented an aspect so truly formidable at the commencement of my Administration. The right has been established of every citizen to take his property of any kind, including slaves, into the common Territories belonging equally to all the States of the Confederacy, and to have it protected there under the Federal Constitution. Neither Congress, nor a Territorial Legislature, nor any human power, has any authority to annul or impulsible very constitution. that slavery, in the abstract, is right and natural, and "the most safe and stable basis for free institutions in the world." "Thus has the status of a Torritory, during the intermediate period from its first settlement until it shall become a state, been irrevocably fixed by the final decision of the Surreme Coget."

In the first place, sir, what strikes me with Mr. PUGH. I hope the Senator will permit

me to interrupt him. I want to make a sugges-Mr. DOOLITTLE. If the gentleman is from the South, at this stage of the discussion I will

great force is the radical change in the opinions of Mr. Buchanan within the last twelve years. give way.

Twelve years ago, he stated deliberately to the American people that "the inference, in his opinion, was irresistible, that Congress had the power to legislate upon the subject of slavery in the Territories." To-day, as President, he declares that subject which concerned particularly Southern States, and was addressing myself to Southern men, I consented to be interrupted by them. If, however, my friend from Ohio desires to say

anything special. I have no objection to he Mr. PUGH. I was about to suggest to the Senator, that the shortest way to settle the fact his ability and experience, after having, at the was to name some man or some newspaper, beripened age of fifty years and upwards, declared | cause I have heard just such suggestions as that that the question is so free from all doubt that, in his opinion, the inference is irresistible that congress has the power to legislate upon the subject of slavery in the Territories, should,

some reason, now, in the later years of his dicted; let him give the authority, and it can life, after he has passed the period of three-score, so completely change his opinions on this question as to maintain and declare that

Examiner, which said; Mr. DOOLITTLE. Well, I name the Richmond

his question as to maintain and declare that neither Congress, nor a Territorial Legislature, nor any hyman power," has the right to resist the introduction of slavery into the Territories of the United States, or "to annul or impair that vested right?" What an extraordinary change must have come over the opinion of this man within the last few years!

But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion of this change in his opinion is no But, sir, the change in his opinion of the Could but to attempt to justify negro slavery as an exceptional institution. It is the only form of slavery was an exceptional institution. It is the only form of slavery was an exceptional institution. It is the only form of slavery was an exceptional institution. It is the only form of slavery was an exceptional institution. It is the only form of slavery was an exceptional institution. It is the only form of slavery was an exceptional institution. It is the only form of slavery was an exceptional institution. It is the only form of slavery was an exceptional institution. It is the only form of slavery was an exceptional institution. It is the only form of slavery was an exceptional institution. It is the only form of slavery was an exceptional institution. It is th man within the last few years!

But, sir, the change in his opinion is no greater than the change which has come over the opinions of hundreds and thousands in the Southern States. In 1846, the opinion found that tade exists, and the still greater projutioes of race and color. Sull, it is shown by history, both sacred and profune, that domestic slavery is a natural, normal, and, till lately, universal institution.

The Richmond Enquirer I will name for an-

Mr. CLAY. Will the Senator pardon me for a moment? I did not hear the words, "white slavery," in the extract which he has read, and I want to know now, after reading that extract It is not an original conclusion to which men's merely, severed from the context, by what authority he maintains that the Richmond Examtematic attempt to revolutionize public opinion, to promote what the slave power deems to be its iner holds to the doctrine that slavery is the or-mal condition of the laboring classes of allences? pecuniary and political interests. The leading I say that the very extract ne has read fails to men of the South, having taken these new sustain his allegation, and I

change in its opinions and its policy.

A distinguished gentleman, the Vice President [Mr. CLAY here made some further remarks mainly personal to himself.] Mr. DOOLITTLE. As to the meaning of the highest respect, in a late speech delivered in Kentucky, used the following language, speaking paragraph I have read, that is a question of construction between the honorable Senator and myself.

which the gien of the South now find themselves, Mr. CLAY. I ask for the word "white" Mr. DOOLITTLE. It seems to me perfectly "We have the Executive; we have the laws; we have se decisions of the courts; and that is a great advance from here we stock ten years ago." clear that the construction I give is con claims that slavery cannot be defended as an institution based on negro slavery alone. The the Senate a resolution declaring, for the first lime, this doctrine, that the Constitution, of its own force, guaranties the right to take slaves "Until re

into the Territories of the United States; and, at the same time, another resolution denying the power of Cengress to inhibit it. Up to that time, very few, astong the prominent men at the South, assented to hat doctrine. Under his lead, however, they have changed their ground, and have changed the ground of the Hemocratic party, using its organization to force on a revolution using its organization; and to a very great.

Wrong, and yielding up the authority of the mole, and to a promote, showing the universal success of slaves society, was unavailing to the universal failure of free society, was unavailing to the cause they were precluded from employing it by an transfer in the authority of the mole, and to a promote, showing the universal success of slaves society, was unavailing to the cause they were precluded from employing it by an transfer in greater difficulties. The line of defunce, however, is now changed.

"The South now maintains that slavery is right, natural, and accessary. It shows that all Divine and almost all human authority justifies it. The South further charges that the little experiment of free society in Western Europe has

the Constitution, had not the power to make the prohibition, if they sought to apply it. Sir, the whole history of this Government, from the beginning down to 1847, was a history of the beginning down to 1847, was a history of the beginning a cruel failure, and that the prohibition, if they sought to apply it. Sir, the whole history of this Government, from the beginning a cruel failure, and that the prohibition is in itsel right, and does not depend on different plexion. would, we are sure, pardon any of our readers for not taking a fancy to be treated in either of the ways we have enumerated.

In saying this, we but state some of the obpresent purpose to inquire how many or how few of the men of the South now maintain these occasion to refer to them more in detail here-

I desire for a single moment now to inquire question for one moment the sirecrity of those delivered his last message to the Legislature of bottom, and if possible, probe this thing to the gentlemen who disclaim such extreme opinions, lows on the 9th instant. It is a document of bottom, and see what has brought about this revolution of sentiment upon this question. The should be confined to the negro race alone. I truth is, that the South have changed their take them at their word, and accept precisely ground on the whole subject of slavery—slavery what they now say. Their position is, that slain the abstract, and slavery in its relations to the legislative and judicial powers of this Government. We of the Republican party stand whose our fathers stood, where your fathers stood, and tlemen now stand. Well, sir, that is substanwhere you yourselves stood but a very few years | tially all that I intended to say in the beginning. where you yourselves stood but a very lew years ago, on this question of slavery. You then, and your fathers always, admitted slavery to be an evil, the South have changed their ground on this to be tolerated as a necessity until you could see your way to get rid of it; but you did not take the ground that slavery was a blessing, and in all the States of the South, their judges and in all the States of the South, their judges. accordance with natural right.

You have not, until recently, assumed the statesmen in Congress and out of Congress, took doctrine that the natural and normal condition of the laboring man is that of a slave. It is was taken by the South, that slavery was an within the last few years that this doctrine has been promulgated at the South, and f grant that been promulgated at the South, and I grant that stay, namer than bear sometime worse? How there, it has made and is making most rapid lang is it since they have taken the ground that strides. It reaches your schools, and it reaches your churches, and it reaches your public journable, on which you may ask the blessing of the church and the blessing of He aven? It has all come up Mr. CHESNUT. With the permission of the within the last few years, under the lead of Mr

M. CHESNUT. With the permission of the Senator from Wisconsin, I deny that the position at the South is that the normal condition of the laboring man is that of slavery. The position is, that the normal condition of the African among us is that of slavery, and the proper condition. It is the true and only beneficial relation. That is the ground we assume as the position, not of the waite laborer, but of the African laborer promulgated in Western Virginia, stood up here and stated the fact frankly, in substance—laborer promulgated in Western Virginia, have not of the waite laborer, but of the African laborer, in this country.

Mr. DOOLITTLE: 1 understand, Mr. Presichanged our ground; we do not stand where we